

and when I told him I hadn't any he said only members of the club could go upstairs. I told him I only wanted a drink, but he said he had no hotel license and wouldn't sell any."

"So far, so good," commented Mr. Roosevelt. "Let us try the next place."

The next place was on Seventh avenue. It was a third-rate corner saloon that had obtained a hotel license a few days ago and was doing a flourishing business. The policeman did not return so quickly this time. When he appeared he was smiling.

"I got it this time," he said. "I asked for a glass of beer and the waiter told me I would have to buy a sandwich with it. So I bought a sandwich and then called for a second glass of beer. I didn't have to get another sandwich."

"What kind of a sandwich was it?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

The man made a grimace.

"Pretty bad," he said; "looked as though it had been better days."

He was sent to a saloon-hotel at the next corner, and now he was gone quite awhile.

MR. RATHERBERRY'S CONTENTMENT.

"I hope," said Mr. Roosevelt, earnestly, "that my messenger will not become enthusiastic."

When he returned the messenger looked contented.

"This is the worst of all," he said. "It's a little room over the saloon, and five men were there drinking. I went in, sat down at a table, and called for a glass of beer. They brought it, and when I laid down ten cents they gave me five cents in change."

"No sandwich?"

He shook his head.

"Not a sign of one. There was a crust of bread lying on the table where I was sitting, but it looked as if it had been there for a week."

"Didn't they say anything about a meal?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"No, sir. They didn't ask any questions at all."

From the next saloon the policeman returned with the information that he had to pay ten cents for a sandwich in order to get a glass of beer.

"But," he added, "it was a decent sandwich."

LIVELY SANDWICH TRADE.

The next few saloons on the list were doing a flourishing business by selling a sandwich with each drink. The policeman had no difficulty in obtaining a drink in each place, but invariably had to buy a sandwich with it. In each case he reported that the sandwich looked as if it had been served to guests all day long.

"Did they ask you to register your name in a book?" inquired Mr. Roosevelt.

"No, sir. The places didn't look much like hotels. I've only seen one bad so far."

There was one saloon on Seventh avenue, opposite his name, on the list was the memorandum: "Very tough; resort for colored people"—where the policeman was sorely disappointed. When he reported he said:

"I'm sure there were people upstairs drinking, but they wouldn't let me in. They said it was a club, and that only members were admitted."

"What makes you think it is not a club?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

The policeman smiled.

"It may be, but if it is, it's only a drinking club, and I guess all the colored people in the neighborhood, as well as a great many whites, belong to it."

MR. ROOSEVELT'S CURIOSITY.

Mr. Roosevelt asked a great many questions about each place, his object apparently being to ascertain to what extent these hotels were violating the spirit of the law. The usual cat-and-mouse game with the attendant and the answers that in most cases were made were like this:

"Did you see any other food served than sandwiches?"

"No, sir."

"Did you say anything about food when you ordered a second drink without having touched your sandwich?"

"No, sir."

"Did the place bear any resemblance to an ordinary hotel?"

"No, sir."

"Anybody else drinking there?"

"Yes, sir."

After having exhausted the Tenderloin precinct, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"We'll now go over to the East Side. There is one saloon on Avenue B that I am curious to investigate. It is kept by a brother of a police sergeant, and I have been told that no attempt is made by the proprietor to observe the law."

And Mr. Roosevelt's lips were pressed firmly.

THE PLACE WAS WIDE OPEN.

"Now," he said to the patrolman, "when the carriage stopped a block north of the saloon, I want you to find out if that man is violating the law. Try to get in if you can without attracting attention. If not, try to find out if others are inside."

Tired of the cramped quarters of the carriage Mr. Roosevelt got out and took a leisurely walk around the block. When he returned to his starting point the messenger had not reappeared.

"I guess," said Mr. Roosevelt, grimly, "that he is having more fun out of this than we are."

Then the man returned with a broad smile upon his face.

"Was it open?" asked Mr. Roosevelt, eagerly.

"Wide," was the reply. "I went through the hallway to a rear door and knocked. A man opened it on a chain, looked at my face and then he let me in. A screen was drawn and he let me in. A screen was drawn at the end of the bar, so that the front of it was exposed to the street. Behind the screen was a keg of beer, and several men were there drinking."

"Did you get a drink?"

"Yes, sir. I asked for a glass of beer, and got it. They had no sandwiches and didn't make any fuss about serving the beer."

"Driver," said Mr. Roosevelt, calmly, "take us to the Fifth Street Station House."

FORAY OF A DETECTIVE.

"This," he continued, turning to the reporter, "was a special errand. I had not planned it in laying out this trip, and, as you see, it has nothing whatever to do with the new law. It is merely a side issue. It is not within the jurisdiction of the Fifth Street Station, but I think they can stop it. At any rate, there's going to be some lively investigation."

Mr. Roosevelt went into the station house alone. A few minutes later a meek-looking detective came out and hurried down Fifth street. Then Mr. Roosevelt appeared, smiling.

"I think," he said, quietly, "I understand the workings of this new law."

"And what do you think of it?"

"My object," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "was to make an analytical study, not a critical one. I do not wish to say anything about it, at least for the present. I want to think it over for a while."

Now the facts which Mr. Roosevelt will have to ponder over are these:

Most of the saloons that were on his list



Three Young Burglars Who Hungered for Toys.

had hotel licenses, which enabled them to sell liquor with meals. The construction which was, in most cases, put upon the word "meal" clearly showed an intent to evade the spirit of the law. The places were not hotels, had never been hotels and had no honest intention of becoming hotels. They had merely taken advantage of a technicality of the law to sell liquor on Sundays. And as the tax for saloons and hotels is the same the chances are that most of the saloons in this town will take advantage of the law by fixing up dummy bedrooms and claiming the privileges of a hotel.

And the problem that Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to solve is:

What can the police force do to prevent a violation of either the letter or the spirit of this law?

The solution will be interesting.

## DUST ON THE SANDWICHES

One Sufficed to Cover a Multitude of Drinks in Some of the Hotel-Saloons.

The course pursued by the Police Department yesterday in enforcing the Excise law differed little from that adopted on the Sunday previous. There were only a few arrests, and every one who wanted a drink of liquor could get it without the least trouble. The force of ordering a sandwich with the first drink was enacted in all the hotel-saloons, but ninety-nine out of every hundred of their patrons left the sandwich untouched, and it did duty over and over again with the other "guests."

The majority of the sandwiches had a dusty look about them, as if they had seen service on the Sunday before.

The hotel-saloons conducted their business without the slightest molestation from the police, who acknowledged that for the time being they were powerless to interfere with what they consider a palatable game with the law. The fortunate proprietors of these drinking places were delighted with the trade they did, and more than one declared that the Baines bill was a good thing.

"Why," said one hotel-saloon man on the Bowery, near Houston street, "we never had such a padding before. The sandwich covers a multitude of drinks. It enables us to snap our fingers at the police. They can't touch us, and they know it. No more sneaking through hallways, peeping through holes in locked doors, shaking in our boots every time a stranger calls for a drink. No further need of spies and no scene of terror at the sight of a blue coat. It's step right up, sir, and what'll you have with your sandwich, and how often will you have it with your sandwich? Don't mind the copper at the door."

In every police precinct the Captains, unless instructed, had a number of special men to visit the various hotel-saloons and report on what they saw there. They were to be turned over to the proper authorities for their consideration and action.

The clubs were not interfered with in any manner by the police. The clubs will be allowed pretty free rein until the question is decided in the courts whether they come under the certificate provision.

## PICKETT CAUSES DISMAY.

The Captain Visits Places in the Tenderloin After Midnight, and in one Scored Flagg.

Captain Pickett, of the West Thirtieth Street Police Station, made a tour of the Tenderloin after midnight Sunday morning for the purpose of inspecting the new hotels. He entered the Broadway Garden Hotel and Restaurant, at No. 1281 Broadway, and No. 526 Sixth avenue, through the barroom, on the Sixth avenue side, and finding it deserted, passed through to the restaurant, on the Broadway side. The long room was crowded at the time. At the sudden entrance of Captain Pickett the hum of conversation ceased, but the musicians in one corner of the room continued playing lively airs. The audience were ordered by the Captain to put away their instruments and get out, which they did without waiting to ask questions. Captain Pickett, in a loud voice, then took Proprietor Bretschneider to task for permitting Jared Flagg, Jr., to act as manager of the place.

"Don't you know that Flagg was convicted for renting flats to women of questionable character?" asked the Captain. Bretschneider said that he did not, and though Flagg was sitting near the door and only a few moments before had questioned the right of Excise Inspector Louis Grenner to look at the license, Bretschneider insisted that Flagg had no connection with the restaurant, but that he had an office upstairs. The proprietor was unable to show the office to the captain and became furious. In terms forcible than polite and so every one in the restaurant could hear him, he informed the captain that he was conducting a man and a woman to the restaurant, and that he was conducting a man and a woman to the restaurant, and that he was conducting a man and a woman to the restaurant.

"If this continues I will come around here with the patrol wagon some morning and arrest every one in the place," said Captain Pickett.

The captain then left and went to Brush's restaurant, at No. 304 Sixth avenue, when, after ordering the musicians to put away their instruments, he proceeded up Sixth avenue. At Eben's saloon and hotel, at the southeast corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-sixth street, he found that drinks were being served at a lively rate, but as sandwiches were in evidence there was no opportunity for police interference, although at one table a lonely looking sandwich was doing service for three customers.

These desperadoes, each of whom has a number of aliases, were captured yesterday by the police in an unoccupied East Side basement which had formerly been used as a store room by a manufacturer of toys. There was no doubt their entrance had been burglariously effected, and they were locked up.

## WEDDED BY A VEILED UNKNOWN MASTER.

Continued from First Page.

the future as a bright symbol of the new age, of the new hope, of the new race?

"The conditions of their present marriage are severe, and the fulfillment of the pledges they have taken will call forth all their fortitude and endurance. But those who try, and never cease to try, can never fail, and, knowing they will try, I know they will succeed. The step they will now take is but part of the whole plan of action laid down for us, and has its share in the work of the future, as the world itself will come to see."

THE CEREMONY.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hargrove's address Mrs. Alice Cleather, of London, spoke briefly on the psychic, mental and spiritual meanings of marriage, and Mrs. Julia Campbell Ver Planck Lightly read the official permit of the inner council, permitting the ceremony between Mr. Wright and Miss Leonard.

There was a silence for a few moments, and then a sweet strain from a violin filled the hall. The doors of the ante-room were thrown open, and the bride entered the hall. She wore a Grecian gown of nun's veiling, and her only ornament was a diamond ring upon her engagement finger.

The bride was attended by five-year-old Genevieve Gwendolyn Kluger, of Newark, N. J., who carried a basket of lotus flowers. She enjoys the distinction of being the only child member of the inner circle. She wore a robe of white which swept the floor.

As the bride approached the platform she was met by Dr. August Nersisimian, vice-president of the Theosophical Society, who conducted her to a position under the seven pointed star. Mr. Wright stepped from his place among the members of the inner circle, and, attended by H. T. Patterson, stood beside Miss Leonard.

The bridegroom wore a long black frock coat, dark trousers and a necktie of pale lavender. On his hand glittered a symbolic ring given him by Mrs. Blovinsky just before she died.

UNDER THE PURPLE POINTED STAR.

Bride and groom then joined hands before the mysterious, veiled adept Genevieve Kluger presented her basket of lotus to the unknown, who took from it a roll of parchment, which he handed to Mrs. Kluger, who read aloud a pledge signed by a couple renewing the promise given in a previous state of existence to loyally work together. Upon the conclusion of the reading the unknown took from the basket a ring said to possess occult powers, and placed it upon the third finger of the bride's left hand. While the members of the inner council circled about the couple chanting weirdly, he joined the man and woman. The secret ceremony was witnessed only by the circling members of the inner branch. Throughout the ceremony Dr. Archibald Kluger burned incense at a brazen altar upon the platform.

A CIVIL MARRIAGE LATER.

Musical and everyday wedding congratulations followed until interrupted for a civil marriage, which was performed with less circumstance and greater brevity by Alderman Robinson.

The bride is twenty-four years old and a daughter of Mrs. Anna Byford Leonard, a widely known social reformer of Chicago. For two years Miss Leonard has been a member of the staff of the Theosophical Corporation, of Boston. She is the organizer of the system of Brotherhood suppers and is an eloquent speaker.

ARE AFTER "HANDSOME ELK."

Being Full of Fire Water, He Will Give the Marshal's a Fight.

Chamberlain, S. D., May 3.—Two Deputy United States Marshals left here Tuesday for the lower Brule reservation, to effect the capture or surrender of Handsome Elk, the Sioux, who on April 13 shot two Indian policemen, and wounding one perhaps fatally. Since then Handsome Elk has been on the rampage.

Reports reach here that he succeeded in securing whiskey, and while under its influence shot into the log house of Indians against whom he had a grievance. On several occasions he went within view of the Agency buildings, and rode backward and forward, the Sioux method of blinding defiance to enemies.

Handsome Elk constantly carries two six-shooters and a rifle, and he succeeded in intimidating many Indians on the reservation. Some hopes are entertained that he may be induced to surrender. If he refuses a desperate fight will result, as he has sworn that he will not be taken alive.

## MARK HANNA'S FIGURES.

He Gives McKinley 505 Votes and Says He Will be Nominated on the First Ballot.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 3.—At McKinley headquarters today the nomination of the Ohio candidate is claimed by a safe majority. The result of last week's convention, according to Mr. Hanna, gives McKinley 505 votes. Here are Mr. Hanna's claims:

Alabama, 20; Arkansas, 10; Arizona, 6; Florida, 8; Georgia, 22; Illinois, 48; Indiana, 30; Kansas, 20; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 6; Michigan, 16; Minnesota, 18; Mississippi, 18; Missouri, 20; Nebraska, 10; New Jersey, 10; New Mexico, 4; New York, 40; Ohio, 40; Oklahoma, 4; Oregon, 8; Pennsylvania, 4; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina, 17; South Dakota, 8; Texas, 12; Virginia, 23; West Virginia, 4; Vermont, 8; Wisconsin, 24; Utah, 1; Tennessee, 24; North Dakota, 6. Total, 505.

The McKinley management has its eyes on Indiana now, and its forces are gathering to the call and are going to Indianapolis on Tuesday fully expecting a fight equal to the Illinois Convention.

It is not believed here that the friends of ex-President Harrison have given him up yet, and there is still a fear lest Platt and Quay and other Republican leaders, who opposed to McKinley may unite on him as a candidate to defeat the Ohio man.

The McKinley leaders will fight for instructions in the Indiana Convention.

The plans came out through the announcement of the anti-McKinley forces, that Mr. Hanna was insisting to Chairman Govey that instructions should be voted to the delegates. The McKinley people did not deny the fact, but in their zeal to apprehend the parties who stole the letters, virtually admitted it by asking how the California delegates could come next.

And will be held on Thursday in Sacramento. No such bitter fight is anticipated in the Sunset State as is looked for in Indiana, but at the same time the State stands by no means solid, and so no effort will be spared to keep it in line.

The McKinley managers have made strong efforts to sidetrack the agitation on the money issue, and make protection the leading question of the campaign. They did succeed fairly well for a time in their efforts, but under the encouragement of the combine against McKinley, a demand is now going up for him to declare himself definitely in favor of gold, in order to satisfy the Eastern Republicans.

If he does that the West will desert his forces. He wants to be elected President and hence will allow the convention to make its platform, and then will accept it as his own and the country's.

In spite of all opposition, however, Mr. Hanna expects the nomination of Major McKinley on the first ballot.

## CHOSE HUMAN TARGETS.

One Man Was Killed, Two Others Fatally Wounded and a Woman Shot by a Wild Negro.

Beaumont, Tex., May 3.—At Beaumont, Jasper County, Will Bandy, colored, shot and killed Philip Haines, white; knocked down and fatally shot Constable Bibb, white; shot a woman named Roxey Rawls and mortally wounded Ed Rhee, the last two colored.

Roxey Rawls was the cause of the trouble, and Constable Bibb tried to arrest Bandy. Bandy then tried to make his escape. He stopped at Philip Haines's house, where the latter, armed with a shotgun, tried to stop him. Haines was shot and mortally wounded. Ed Rhee, the last two colored.

Soon after this the father of the young burglar arrived, a weak-looking man, about forty years of age. "I get but little pay," said he, half apologetically, "but I have tried to give my children all they needed."

Later in the evening the father called at the Gerry Society rooms and begged for the boys' release, but, of course, was compelled to return home without them.

## ENGINEERS WILL GO OUT.

First Move in the Threatened Strike for a Shorter Day.

Boston, Mass., May 3.—The great strike among the trades unions for an eight-hour day, which was threatened a short time ago has at last come to a head in at least one branch. At a well attended meeting of holding out portable engineers, held to-day, it was decided to demand the eight-hour day and increase in wages.

If the demands are not complied with the men will go out to-morrow. Notice of this action had been served on all the master builders, but as yet no reply has been received. They will affect building operations and others requiring any form of portable engines.

This action on the part of the engineers is the first step to be taken in carrying out the threat of the unions, but, unless the demands are granted, the strike will be general, and considerable trouble result.

## HAS SANTA CLAUS ANY REAL ESTATE?

If So, Perhaps He Will Go the Bail of These Three Burglars.

They Are All Disciples of His Creed That Toys Should Be Free.

## CAUGHT—RED-HANDED IN CRIME.

Now They Are Locked Up Without Bail in a Fourth Avenue Bastille, and They Don't Succeed in Getting the Toys.

Three burglars were neatly caught by Captain Ryan and Detective Cunningham, of the Oak Street Station, yesterday afternoon. Their names are John Carwall, alias "Baby," alias "Pet," alias "Mamma's Boy," aged six years, of No. 95 Christie street; Joseph Carwall, alias "Brother," alias "Little Man," aged nine years, of the same address, and Max Alterwitz, with several aliases, aged nine years, of No. 107 Orchard street. The prisoners are all locked up in the Gerry bastille on Fourth avenue without bail.

It was about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the attention of the Captain and his detectives, who were not especially looking for burglars, noticed a number of people standing in front of No. 400 Pearl street, peering curiously into the basement. When people look, police should act. The policemen took a peep over the shoulders of the spectators and their trained eyes showed them at once that there had been a burglary, either attempted or effected. The door at the foot of the basement steps was battered as by stones or brickbats and the transom above it was broken.

They promptly broke in the door and heard scurrying footsteps. The cellar was littered with boxes, barrels and rubbish of every description, but they soon detected a foot projecting from behind an old crate, and the next moment had one of the burglars in their strong grasp.

It was a very much frightened burglar who begged piteously not to be arrested, saying: "Oh, mister, please; I didn't steal nothing. Please let me go."

## THE OTHER BURGLARS SURRENDER.

"Where are your pals," said Captain Ryan in a very gruff voice. "They had better come out if they don't want to be shot."

There was an immediate rustling of boxes and two other burglars crowded into sight.

"Any more?" asked Detective Cunningham, pretending to cock his revolver; but the silence was undisturbed, save by the sobbing of the burglars already under arrest.

"Now," said the Captain, "what were you trying to steal here?" It was Joseph Carwall, alias "Big Brother," who managed to get his voice sufficiently under control to reply: "We—we thought," said he, "that perhaps we could find some toys, but we ain't taken nothing. Please let us go."

The burglar's explanation was more reasonable than could ordinarily be expected from a burglar. It caused Captain Ryan and Detective Cunningham to exchange quick glances of intelligence, as detectives always do in novels. They both remembered very well that the luggage used to be occupied by M. L. Frank & Co., manufacturers of toys, who only abandoned it for new quarters a short time ago.

"So you were after toys, were you?" said the Captain, assuming the most ferocious and awe-inspiring tone that he could command. "Most boys are after toys. What did you want with them. Haven't you got any?"

The three burglars hung their heads in silence for a moment, and then one of them replied somewhat doggedly, showing that confidence was returning: "Now, but all of the kids has got 'em. We thought we might find some wot de toy man had left behind."

"But we didn't take nothin', mister," broke in another of the burglarious trio, evidently forgetful of the fact that such an awe-inspiring tone that he could command. "Most boys are after toys. What did you want with them. Haven't you got any?"

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